

JOHNSON

Mrs. J. C. Davis has returned from Hyde Park.

Deforest Collins and son, Chellis, are ill with fever.

Mrs. A. A. Minott was here from Swanton over Sunday.

L. I. Bishop of Hardwick is to be the new station agent.

Judge and Mrs. N. B. Mower have been visiting in town.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Driscoll are the parents of a daughter.

Mrs. Howard Davis is slowly improving from her recent severe illness.

L. O. Collins, wife and daughter have been visiting friends in Canada.

Mrs. Clara Crowell, of Morrisville, visited in town a few days recently.

Dr. E. H. Scott and father, H. W. Scott, were in Burlington recently.

Mrs. Sarah Lewis passed Thursday in Montpelier with cousins from Hardwick.

Miss Hazel Kimball of Enosburg Falls was a guest of Mrs. E. E. Holmes last week.

Harlow Collins and family passed several days with friends in Fletcher recently.

There is a large registration at the Normal Summer School; more than 150 the first two days.

John Sheldon and family and Mrs. B. A. Hunt came from Woodsville, N. H., the first of the week.

Mrs. H. B. Mears left for Swanton Saturday to join the family, who had moved the first of the week.

W. E. Tracy and nephews, Tracy and Burleigh Smalley, were in Burlington Wednesday of last week.

Miss Theda Jones, a teacher in Bozeman, Montana, is visiting her father, Frank Jones, and other relatives.

Delbert Scribner, who has been home from Swanton on account of an inflamed eye, returned to his work Monday.

Supt. Leon Bell and family have returned from Springfield, Mass., and her mother came home with them for a visit.

B. S. Fullington, who is ill with a complication of diseases, and under the care of a trained nurse, is quite comfortable at the present writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Davis, and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Gomo took a little fishing trip to the "Digging" in Hyde Park recently, passing one night in camp there. They report a good catch, and a fine time.

The electric storm of Saturday, June 29, assumed the proportions of a small cyclone in the vicinity of Ben Ober's premises on the Plot, blowing down trees and at least one telephone pole, smashing some glass, and tearing up and twisting the steel roofing on Mr. Ober's barn, several sections of which were carried entirely away. Some of it was found in a field, some imbedded in the trunk of a maple tree in his sugar orchard, about ten feet from the ground, some over a mile away from the premises of Glean Jones, near the Talc mines.

Antonio was overawed by his surroundings when the first draft sent him to the cantonment. And he continued to live in awe, particularly of all officers, during the early days of his training. While standing guard one night, he was in such a flutter when the corporal of the guard approached, that he made his challenge in a low voice which the non-com could not hear.

"You'll have to speak up, my man," said the corporal, "or you'll get into trouble. I'll take your word for it that you challenged me, but when the officer of the day comes around, you'll have to sing it out or you'll get a trip to the guardhouse. Remember, sing it out and sing it out loud."

Antonio vowed that he would make no mistake that would get him in the guardhouse, and when the officer of the day appeared a half hour later, he was greeted with—

"Tra-la-la, who come dere?"—Everybody's Magazine.

The German Spirit.

"Any restitution that Germany offers to the allies will be offered, you may be sure, in the spirit of Griggs."

The speaker was Edward Hungerford the advertising expert.

"Griggs and Miggs," he went on, "were kidnapped by bandits and shut up in a cave."

"They'll take every cent we've got on us," moaned Miggs. "Every blessed cent."

"They will, eh?" said Griggs, thoughtfully.

"They sure will."

"Griggs peeled a ten-spot from his roll."

"Here, Miggs," he said, "here is that ten dollars I've been owing you for so long."

His Ancestors.

He was always boasting about his ancestors, and one day employed a genealogist to hunt them up. In due time the connoisseur of pedigrees returned, and was cordially received by his patron.

"So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestors? What is your fee?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Isn't that high?" objected the patron. "What's it for?"

"Principally," responded the genealogist, "for keeping quiet about them."

—Tit-Bits.

Optimistic Thought.

Reverence is ennobling and felt to be degrading only by the vulgar mind.

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

OUR LITTLE MEN IN KHAKI

We grown-ups used to smile to see the boy scouts marching by. With feet in time to beating drum and heads so proudly high. But since the war we've changed our minds a little, have we not? We have found "those kids in khaki" to be Johnnies-on-the-spot.

How many weary miles they've trudged in helping to revive the interest in the Liberty loan and in the Red Cross "drive." From alley and from avenue, from every class and creed, they've come. Came our little men in khaki when their country was in need.

They have answered, Father Woodrow, four hundred thousand strong, To help you in your struggle to right a frightful wrong. From Yankeland and Dixie and the prairies of the West, the little men in khaki all are giving of their best.

Our older lads have taken arms to free the human race Of war and all its horror. Have we thought who'd take their place At home—and in the trench? Who knows how long the war may last? 'Twill be "the kids in khaki" who are growing up so fast!

—Annie Balcumb Wheeler.

SCOUTS IN FIRE DRILL.



Department Officials Everywhere Join in Teaching the Boys.

SCOUT! MAN IS DROWNING!

The scout game of lifesaver is a first-aid game and should be played often. Otherwise, when the real thing happens, some day, we shan't be ready. Many a swimmer is drowned every summer trying to rescue a drowning comrade from having no notion of how to do it.

The game is great fun and is played with five teams of two players each. There are two classes of players: the "savers" and the "drowners." Five drowners go out from shore a certain distance and pretend they are drowning. Five savers swim out to bring them in.

It is unfair for a drowner to assist himself in any way once a saver gets a hold on him. Any hold is permissible, but care must be taken to keep the drowner's head above water. The first saver who brings his burden safely across the line is the winner. There should be a starter, who will also referee the game.

There are many possible variations to add excitement and try skill, as for instance requiring the savers to skin off their clothes (or some of them) after the starting signal is given.

SCOUTING KEEPS BOY BUSY.

Conservation of our natural resources is universally approved, but of what value would material resources be unless we conserve the moral, intellectual and physical future of the coming generation?

Prevention is recognized as better and less expensive than cure. The boy scout movement takes the boy at that time of life when he is beset with the new and bewildering experiences of adolescence and diverts his thoughts therefrom to wholesome and worthwhile activities. In this manner this character-building movement has done much in numerous cities to diminish the problem of juvenile delinquency.

We are at war. War brings a relaxation of moral fiber, which is disastrous to our youth unless offset by powerful positive influences. Scouting is just such a powerful, positive counteracting influence. Its program offers the essential antidote for these poisons of war.

GOOD TURNS BY SCOUTS.

All signs and advertisements were removed from the telephone and electric light poles throughout Mt. Clemens, Mich., by scouts.

Secretary MacAdoo of the treasury department awarded war service emblems to 32 scouts in El Paso, Tex., when he visited that city to speak in the interests of the third Liberty loan. Scouts at Sturgeon Bay, Wis., collected beds and bedding enough in a day to quarter the new company of National Guardsmen from there.

The Breach Mender

By ALICE KILLIAN

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Bobbie Grant, road commissioner of Platte township—several years before he made the rifle for the Nebraska legislature—was out one July morning before sunrise, putting half a dozen new planks in the flooring of Long bridge. As he whistled and hummed, thinking what a glorious, comfortable beginning was allotted a most uncomfortable hot day, and wondering how he could manage to take a solid fusion delegation to the state convention, he caught the sound of hoof-beats on a distant span of the bridge. The commissioner paused, hammer uplifted.

"Who in Sam Hill," says he, "can it be, galloping over the bridge at sunup like a duke in a piece of poetry? 'Walk your horses over the bridge,' said the commissioner with a fine show of offended authority, to a 20-penny nail he was driving. Then, pricking up his ears again, "Why, damme, it's a pair." He then stood up and craned his neck for a glimpse of the riders, but the trees on the intervening islands cut off the view. Straightening and breathing deep of the tonic air, he glanced up and down the river along and over the green labyrinth of islands to the corn-covered ridges against the eastern skyline. "A fine mornin' for a ride—but I'll fine 'em." The approaching hoof-beats were twice silenced on the sands of the intervening islands, and when they sounded again Grant looked and saw the riders entering his span of the bridge.

"How now? By Billy—yes sir, sure's taxes, a woman. So! 'They see me now—that's right, when, but you're too late.'"

Bobbie went on nailing, and wondered what his lively couple would say, first, to a \$5 fine each, and second, to a half-hour's wait while he got the torn-up planks replaced. The riders reined in upon discovering the commissioner, and drew their mounts side by side. On still nearer view they appeared to be talking in low voices, and the interested Bobbie could make out that the man seemed to be reassuring his companion, having reached and taken possession of her whip hand. This tender conjunction was dissolved, however, upon close approach to the



Watched the Runaways.

busy commissioner, who opened his eyes in surprise as he recognized the young fellow. He had been in his mind that same minute. "Here he is now," said he to himself; "think about the grasshopper and you hear the rustle of his wings. But I say if Dave and his gal's in a hurry, I can fix up that little split in the party right here this mornin'." He began to whistle and bent over his work.

"Why, hello Bob! What the dickens—have we got to wait?"

"Unless you can jump it, Dave," replied Bobbie, with the convincing satisfaction of the cool observer in the presence of the flurried. He looked from young Dave Morton to the girl at his side. "One o' the Bracken girls, ain't you?" said he. The girl blushed and hesitated. "Thought so," said the commissioner.

"Can't we get across, Mr. Grant?" asked the girl, finding her courage.

Bobbie looked up at her, down again to the gap in the bridge floor. He said nothing and began to whistle. In ordinary circumstances Bob's answer to a question was as quick and emphatic as the answer of gun-cap to trigger.

The young couple noted this with a foreboding of trouble; such deliberation on Bobbie's part meant scheming of some sort. The horses clamped their bits and stamped on the bridge impatiently.

"Yin a hurry to get to town?" asked Bobbie significantly, jerking his long whiskers in the direction of Plattville. Dave was young, and thought best to steer round so inclusive a question.

"Oh, we're just taking a morning ride and want to get it over before the

sun comes up hot. Can't you lay 'em temporarily and let us over?" inquired the young gallant with ill-feigned calmness.

Bob's answer was another question on quite a different subject. Back of his participation in the dialogue his simple mind had been busy with the affairs of the great political party of which he was a devoted member. The young man before him was the leader of a small but dangerous conservative faction in Vista county. This faction had made trouble in the past and were supposed to be concocting trouble for the county convention nearly at hand. If Vista's delegation to the state convention, to be chosen by this county convention, should be divided, it would mean danger to every plan and principle and candidate of the People's party all the way up the line in the county, state and nation.

"Dave," said Bobbie, cautiously, but looking squarely up in Dave's eyes, "what are you over-the-ridge fellows goin' to do at the convention next month? Slavin o' your township was in Saturday, and he talked as ram-bunctious as ever. Now I—"

"Christopher Moses, Bob! I've got no time to talk politics this mornin'. Can't you see?"

"Dave, you're wastin' your own valuable time. Now just you let me manage this confab and you and your lady'll be on the move in a minute, provided—"

"Oh, hush your 'provided,' Bob, let us over."

The lanky Populist raised his eyebrows and set another nail for driving. The girl turned in the direction they had come. The sun was lifting above the ridges, and through a gap where the road began its long winding descent to the river a third rider came into view. The girl uttered a little suppressed scream. "Father!" she gasped.

"Keep cool, my children, he's two miles away yet. Keep calm and trust to Bobbie Grant. Now, look here, you Dave, you're too darned good a fellow to be left kickin' against the consuls of the party. If you weren't such a bright, poplar chap, you couldn't do us any harm. But as she stands, my boy, if I help you out now, you've got to help me later, do you see?" Dave was desperate. "Well, anything, only hurry."

"There's no hurry. But what I was gettin' at was just this: you carry the votes of three townships in your overalls' pocket." Bob began laying the boards loose over the repair gap. "Now, I want you fellows to behave when you come down here to this convention. 'Taint for my good—you can see that—it's for the party's good—"

"Well, choke that stump speech, Bob, I can hear the old man on the far end of the bridge. He'll be up with us in half a giffy. Hurry up and get the last board laid!"

"Now, Dave, don't get excited, and remember, this old bridge—built by our old party, and the bye—is a clean mile long. And there's just one other little matter. I'll have to fine you two for breaking the regulation about walking your horses over the bridge."

Dave protested.

"I've got to do it, my boy. When Bobbie Grant is road commissioner the regulations have got to be enforced, do you see? But you can pay the fine—\$10—when you get back from the honeymoon—you'll need what you've got about you, Dave, for the preacher, I guess. Do you see?"

Young Morton groaned. "Fraid you've killed that part of it, Bob," said he, sullenly. "The old man's got us now, for certain."

"Never you worry about the old man. This bridge ain't fixed yet. I'll let him wait exactly one hour by the sun, and if you two ain't hitched by that time, you don't deserve to be, that's all."

"Oh, you beautiful man!" cried the young woman, beaming down upon Bob's rough face. "And if you will just convince him that it's all right, and that Dave is just the man for me, you'll be simply an angel."

Bobbie cast his eye deliberately along the bridge, and adjusted the last board. "Clip-pit now!" he commanded, stepping to one side.

The riders were past him before the words were out of his mouth, and the same instant a white prairie orchid, tossed from somewhere, lodged in the folds of his crossed arms. In Nebraska the wild orchid is the bride's flower in its season. He took up the blossom and placed the stem between his lips, beginning to whistle "Cotton-Eyed Joe," and watched the runaways until they left the bridge at the townward end and disappeared around the bend, behind a grove of cottonwoods. Then he heard hoof-beats behind him. Without looking in that direction, he stooped and began taking up the loose boards, at the same time changing his tune to "Hold the Fort for I Am Comin'."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of

J. H. Hutchinson

Best Graphite From Ceylon.

The largest graphite mines in the world and those producing the best grades of graphite are in Ceylon, and there are also important deposits in Mexico and Chosen. In the making of crucibles graphite is combined with clay, and the best clay for this purpose was formerly obtained in Bavaria, in which country are also graphite mines, but producing grades distinctly inferior to those that are mined in Ceylon.

FEEDING SOLDIERS ON THE TRANSPORTS

MESS OFFICER OF THE VESSEL MUST PROVIDE 210,000 MEALS AT SEA.

SOME OF THE 180 VARIETIES

Money Instead of Merchandise Should Be Sent to the Troops in France—Dental Corps Can Care for 5,000,000 Men.

An account of how soldiers are fed at sea is given in the daily newspaper published on a transport.

"Outside of providing 210,000 meals at sea, the mess officer of the ship has very little to do. Very little."

"He is only called upon to provide, by the regulations, 180 different varieties of food. That's all. Every try to order 180 different things to eat? Yet this is the authentic list."

"The food needed to feed several thousand men at sea ranges beyond the glutton's dreams. You get the answer in the ship down below the water line, where 7,250 loaves of bread have been baked in one day, and where you stumble over every variety, from 60,000 pounds of beef to 132,000 eggs, or a compartment of brick ice cream in a ten-degree-above-zero vault."

"And if this doesn't suit, you can bump along into 49,324 pounds of potatoes, 7,100 pounds of ham and bacon, 7,800 pounds of butter, 9,200 pounds of sugar, and 61,500 pounds of flour."

"If you can't get a meal out of this you can fall back on 4,000 pounds of sausage, 3,000 pounds of sauerkraut, 26,000 pounds of apples, 19,800 pounds of oranges, and 4,200 pounds of onions. And this leaves out 1,600 pounds of jam and 9,400 pounds of lima and navy beans."

The original order that the approval of a regimental or higher commander was necessary before packages might be sent to members of the expeditionary forces has been modified so officers with the rank of major and higher may approve shipments. The approval of a company commander is not sufficient.

The question of the shipment of parcels to France first came to the attention of the war department when the commanding general of the expeditionary forces cabled that congestion of such articles had reached such a point that French railroads were unable to handle the load. A board appointed by the secretary of war and the postmaster general examined 5,000 sacks of parcel-post mail, and found that the articles being sent not only, in the main, were absolutely unnecessary, but undesirable. The investigation showed that the amount of such mail had reached a total of 500,000 pounds a week, and was steadily increasing.

Relatives and friends, according to a recent statement by the war department, will find they often can do a greater service to soldiers by sending them money for the purchase of articles. Tobacco is now being supplied as part of the army rations, and merchandise of nearly all kinds may now be purchased in France through the huge general store established by the quartermaster corps at lower prices than charged by retailers here.

The dental requirements of an army of more than 5,000,000 men can now be met by the present force of the dental corps of the United States army. Examinations have been closed and no further additions will be made to the corps for some time. The number of dental officers has expanded since war was declared from 58 to 5,810. Commissions were offered to 5,467 dentists in all parts of the country, and all but 271 were accepted.

The average number of tooth fillings in the army ranges from 225,000 to 250,000 a month. Special dental infirmaries have been established in the camps and cantonments, to which newly inducted soldiers are sent for examination shortly after arrival in the camps.

A school for dental instruction has been established, where 85 officers are assigned each month to take the two months' course.

The box-car situation is better at present than it has been at any time during the last three years, according to advice received by the department of agriculture from the railroad administration.

On May 1 box cars began to move into wheat territory, and wheat-carrying roads are expected to have on their lines more than the normal amount of cars owned by them. Cars are being parked in wheat-loading territory, which was impossible last year. The railroad administration will continue to move cars into wheat districts as long as there is any indication that additional cars will be needed.

An advertisement in a Berlin newspaper, reported by the Information Belges, shows some of the many uses to which paper is being put in Germany:

"Paper stuff for dresses and aprons."

"Paper stuff for business suits."

"Paper stuff for manufacture of suits."

"Paper stuff for upholstery and tapestries."

"Paper stuff for trunks and bags."

"Paper stuff for bags, pillowcases and mattresses."

"Splendidly assorted lot for sale."

Special attention is being given by the medical department of the army in all camps to cleaning up spots where mosquitoes and flies breed. In some cases it has been necessary to dig channels in streams, drain swamps, and put in elaborate ditching systems to clean up stagnant pools and streams. In cases where it has been impossible or impracticable to drain swamps and do similar work, there has been installed a system for keeping slow-moving streams and still bodies of water covered with oil. At all points within the camp where there is the slightest possibility of mosquitoes or flies breeding daily spraying of oil is done.

Arrangements have been completed with the federal public health service to carry out a similar program in the territories adjacent to the camps. The health service has agreed to fill bogs, open streams, and drain swamps, and continue the oil spraying for a distance of 1 mile around each camp.

Special precautions have been taken to prevent the spread of disease by flies. Instructions were given on the disposal of materials that were likely to become breeding spots. Arrangements were made to protect all food from flies. With this end in view, all buildings in which food is prepared or stored were screened. Entrances to the buildings have been vestibuled. An average of 6,000 flytraps have been placed in each camp. More than 22,700,000 square feet of screening has been placed in all camps.

To assist in meeting the present shortage in unskilled labor restrictions have been temporarily removed on the importation of Mexican labor to be used in certain occupations. This step supplements the order by which the department of labor has arranged to bring Porto Rican laborers into this country for work on government contracts. It is estimated that 75,000 islanders can be brought in while transportation is available.

New regulations on the subject of Mexican labor contain rigid provisions to prevent any attempt at exploitation on the part of prospective employers. Wage rates current for similar labor in the localities in which the admitted alien is to be employed are assured, as well as good housing and sanitation conditions.

The quartermaster's department is now supplying gas-proof food containers to the soldiers in the zone of operations in France. These containers prevent seepage of gas into the containers and guard against contamination of the food. The men carry their emergency rations in the containers and all food brought up to the trenches is carried in the new tins.

After the food is packed in the containers they are hermetically sealed. It is planned to use paraffin for sealing, as it settles in the crevices in such a way that it must be cut before the lids can be taken off. It can be applied by running the containers through a paraffin bath.

Because the supply of tin is limited and there may not be enough to supply the needs of the army the quartermaster's department is experimenting with the wax paper box. Tests made show that these boxes meet all conditions satisfactorily. The tins and boxes both are vermin and water proof.

There are now 42 theaters, which cost over \$500,000, in operation in camps and cantonments throughout the country. Nearly 100 vaudeville acts have been brought from the large circuits to play in these theaters only; about 50 acts have been secured from Chautauqua and lyceum bureaus; 35 comedy companies are playing in these theaters exclusively. Some of these are original New York companies, playing the summer season only, with expenses reduced about two-thirds.

The camps have been divided into two circuits. In one the Liberty theaters seat 3,000, in the other the houses are smaller, having a capacity of about 1,000 each. It takes from 14 to 25 weeks for a production to be staged in each house of either circuit. "Smileage" books, sold throughout the country under the direction of the commission on training camp activities, contain coupons good for admission to all attractions in camp theaters.

Forty-six societies representing 22 nationalities of foreign-born citizens are planning monster celebrations, pageants, parades and speech-making in the principal cities of the United States for July 4. Represented in the groups are Armenians, Assyrians, Belgians, Chinese, Czech-Slavs, Danes, Dutch, Finns, French, French-Canadians, Germans, Greeks, Hungarians, Italians, Japanese, Lithuanians, Norwegians, Poles, Portuguese, Russians, Roumanians, South Slavs, Swedes and Swiss. In May this year Sweden appealed to President Wilson to issue a proclamation calling upon all native Americans to unite with the foreign-born in observing the national holiday, and plans for the many celebrations developed after the proclamation was issued.

Three temporary office buildings, providing working space for 6,250 persons, have been built in ten weeks in Washington, D. C., by the construction division of the army, without the employment of a contractor. One, a three-story structure, 401 feet long, 260 feet wide, with a floor space of 270,000 square feet, was ready for occupancy 24 days after the first spadeful of earth was turned.

Woman stenographers and typists are now being enrolled in the naval reserve as yeomen.